

## The Critic

Published weekly from the middle of September to the middle of June, and fortnightly from the middle of June to the middle of September. Forty-five numbers a year. Ten cents a copy: \$3 a year, in advance.  
J. L. & J. B. Gilder, Editors. Office, No. 20 Lafayette Place, New York.  
Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co.'s, Brentano's, and the principal news-stands in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.'s Old Corner Book-store, and elsewhere. Philadelphia: Wanamaker's, and all the leading stands. Washington: A. Brentano & Co.'s, and B. Adams's. Chicago, Ill.: Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn Street. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, No. 5 Carondelet Street. London: American Exchange, 449 Strand, and B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Gallignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

### Some London Publishers. VI.

THE LONGMANS, MACMILLANS, AND CASSELL & CO.

THE MOST LUCRATIVE BRANCH of publishing, that of school-books, is the line of business in which the Longmans have earned most of their wealth and reputation. The many editions of Macaulay's, Disraeli's, and other great authors' works which they have published, have been as mere rivulets, compared with the great stream of educational books which has poured forth from their press during the past fifty years. At one period of their history, the Longmans were without a rival in this branch of publishing. It would not be far from the truth to say that they supplied all the greater English Public schools, and a fair share of the grammar and lesser foundations, to say nothing of 'private adventure schools,' with the most of the dictionaries, lexicons, grammars, 'readers,' manuals, classical authors, and the like their scholars required. What this must have meant may be judged from the fact that Eton College and Christ's Hospital alone number an aggregate of nearly one thousand boys each; and allowing that this number is in excess now of what it was some years ago, the annual sale of Messrs. Longmans' school-books to such institutions as these must still have been very large indeed. The copyrights paid on educational works are as a rule as paltry as the most close-fisted publisher could desire, except perhaps where the idea of the work originates with an author himself. In that case the 'half-profits' system, which your educational publisher (in this respect he little differs from his brother in other branches of his trade) greatly prefers to any other and generally insists upon, is so unfair to the author, that the latter's share in the long run is as certain to be less than the publisher's, as the lion's share of the spoil is very sure to be more than the jackal's.

But all the great educational publishers have a staff of skilled editors and writers in their employ, or what lawyers term 'briefed' by them. The Rev. J. T. White, D.D., once a master of Christ's Hospital, has probably edited more classical works for English students than any other living author. His connection with the Longmans dates back thirty years or more; and your correspondent is one among the many of Dr. White's former pupils who, in boyhood, had some cause to be thankful that his energies were so vigorously employed in the Longmans' behalf. When Dr. White ought to have been examining the very bad Latin and Greek verses of his class, he was too frequently occupied in editing his literary masterpiece, the great Latin-English dictionary of Riddell & White. His hand was so actively employed with the pen that it had but little strength for wielding the rod and cane. The backs of his pupils were consequently less scourged than were the backs of the majority of their youthful contemporaries in that famous

old London school known to most literary Americans as the early home of Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb.

The Longmans' house is like a citadel to the outer world of authors. Few know who actually govern it, and still fewer who are the most trusted of the garrison within. Occasionally a feeble deserter flees away, and then one hears stories of intolerable suffering. Long bills, no profits when there ought to have been profits, accounts rendered half-yearly, long-deferred settlements, and so on, and so on—the usual cry of the disappointed author. The anger of some of these disappointed ones whom we have met has been fierce and prolonged, and we confess to having heard fewer kind words spoken of Longmans than of any other London publishers. But unkind words are the common lot of the successful in life, and more particularly, perhaps, of the successful whose prosperity is chiefly due to the toilsome brain-labor of others. The Longmans care as little, we should say, for the ungenerous tiltings of discontented clients, as the pachydermatous mammals for the teasing attacks of the common house-fly. The 'soft answer' which 'turneth away wrath' is never absent from the correspondence of defamed publishers with petulant authors. If the sweet gift of gentle words does not always prevail, there is a never-failing remedy to be found in that salutary axiom of the English law, 'the greater the truth the greater the libel.' Hard words break no bones, but actions at law will sometimes crush the sturdiest of us. A threat of an action for libel has not seldom stilled the stormiest utterances of the most ill-used, ill-paid author.

The Macmillans and George Bell & Sons run the house of Longmans pretty close now in the competition in school-books. The last house is of the conservatives most conservative, the former has more liberal notions. Both are good examples of those London publishers with whom it is more of a pleasure than a disagreeable duty to transact business. The greater responsibility of the work in Bedford Street now devolves upon Mr. Frederick Macmillan, with Mr. Craik (husband of the gifted authoress of that name) still occupying his old post in the administration. The broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced, gray-haired gentleman, of true Scotch kindness and true Scotch caution, long-time principal of the firm, takes no very active part now in the business. With more than one son endowed with a large share of his old energy and shrewdness, it would be a hard matter if he might not now rest content with his well-earned laurels. No firm of publishers stands higher in point of reputation than the Macmillans, and few firms in London have done better things in the way of publishing. Their books are mostly of the sterling kind, well-written, well-made, and moderate in price. Their last new venture, *The English Illustrated Magazine*, which is evidently intended as a competitor to the American illustrated magazines published in London, hardly promises so well as some other enterprises they have engaged in. But I should be greatly surprised to hear that the wary and prudent house of Macmillan had found all the money for that venture.

If the great house in Paternoster Row seem a citadel to the outer world of authors, the huge establishment in La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate, should be a veritable labyrinthian puzzle. The interior of the maze is the managing director's room, and he who reaches that has accomplished a great feat. Indeed, it is something of an exploit to reach anywhere in the establishment of Cassell & Co. Limited. Like the London *Times* proprietors, the directors of Cassell & Co. do all in their power to conceal the personnel of their staff with the veil of the anonymous. They do not, of course, succeed, because the anonymous of Belle Sauvage Yard will insist, with pardonable pride, on letting it be known to their fellows less pleasantly situated that their place of

occupation is one of the numerous editorial or sub-editorial chairs belonging to Cassell & Co., Limited. It is equally well known who, for the most part, comprise the working staff of the *Times*. And for the self-same reason. One would not desire to pry into the internal economy of the official household of Cassell & Co., if he could only obtain a simple reply to a straightforward inquiry when business might lead him to call at their offices. But no one ever succeeded in doing this without considerable strategy and loss of time, and occasionally, we fear to say, no little loss of temper.

The outposts of the maze are little boys who challenge strangers who may pass their sentry box and inquire the nature of their business. Mayhap a stranger will produce a letter from the firm asking him to call, and being naturally desirous to come to the point at once, and save his own and the employé's time, he asks the name of the writer of the letter? 'We are not allowed to give the name of any gentleman,' the little boy answers, and the stranger then throws himself despairingly into the maze or mill to wriggle out in time as best he may. I never yet met a person, American or British, publisher or author, principal or agent, who did not complain of the time and trouble expended in transacting the simplest matter of business with Cassell & Co., Limited. It is far easier to see a Secretary of State than to see its managing director; and to obtain a simple answer to a simple question involves as much running about of messengers, waiting in dark 'waiting-rooms,' and waste of time, as would be involved in the process of 'interviewing' a distinguished member of the Commons House of Parliament, when he is desirous of catching the Speaker's eye. It is just as well, perhaps, that the chief business of the firm of Cassell & Co. is with their own serial publications and illustrated books. No author who had once surmounted the difficulties of transacting business orally with the members of that firm would willingly encounter them again. Time and the hour might be said to run for no one save for the firm of Cassell & Co., Limited—at least within the publishing world of London. — CHARLES E. PASCOE.

### Libellous Book Reviews.

AUTHORS have displayed commendable taste and discretion in carrying their grievances against the reviewer in silence, or into a newspaper discussion, rather than into the law-courts. Perhaps they fear to trust the salving of their wounds to the 'oily tongue' or 'slimy hand' of the profession they so mercilessly caricature in Oily Gammon and Uriah Heep. Or maybe they indulge in the fancy that the whole judicial apparatus consists of that one conventional shyster lawyer who is so indispensable a tool in the laboratory of the ordinary fiction writer. But, whatever the cause, the published reports of English and American law cases will not afford a score of that peculiar kind in which an author has sought legal redress for a libellous review of his book. The first and fairest English law on the privileges and limits of literary criticism was laid down by Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and its liberal spirit has been mainly followed in the decision of the similar causes which have arisen in the United States. He was guided quite as much by his broad scholarship and extra-professional attributes as by his strict judicial sense, in saying: 'We must not cramp observations upon authors and their works; they should be liable to criticism, to exposure, and even to ridicule, if their compositions be ridiculous; otherwise the first who writes a book on any subject will obtain a monopoly of sentiment and opinion respecting it. This would tend to the perpetuity of error. Reflection on *personal character* is another thing. Show me an attack on the moral character of the plaintiff, or any attack on his character unconnected with authorship, and I shall be as ready as any judge who

ever sat here, to protect him; but I cannot hear of malice on account of turning his works into ridicule.' And in another case he forcibly supplements that opinion by saying: 'Liberty of criticism must be allowed, or we should have neither purity of taste nor of morals.'

Of the English periodicals, *The Athenæum* has figured as defendant in an undue share of actions of this nature, having been thrice subjected, by aggrieved authors, to suits for libellous critiques. On the first occasion the editor was called to answer for excessive strictures on the author-plaintiff's novel, 'The Old Ledger,' which had been censured as 'indelicate, profane, and grossly vulgar.' The late Lord Cockburn, who presided at the trial, expounded the law substantially as declared by Lord Ellenborough, and the jury found that the criticism was warranted by the character of the book. The next time, *The Athenæum* was not equally fortunate. A jury found that its criticism of an atlas published by A. Keith Johnston had exceeded its legitimate function, in drawing upon facts not strictly embodied in the subject under review. The plaintiff's damages were assessed at £1275, which sum was eventually reduced to £100 by a compromise between the parties. In the most recent case, *The Athenæum* was more roughly dealt with for calling Mr. Shepherd, the publisher of Mrs. Browning's early poems, a 'literary chiffonier.' The jury probably reached the conclusion that 'chiffonier' was a libellous appellation after reasoning as Judge Stote did when dubbed a 'dodo': 'We don't know what a "chiffonier" is, but we'll bet it's something naughty.' At any rate, they declared it to be a £150 blow.

Abuse of legal privileges and of authors has drawn the critic into the New York State courts but rarely. The litigious author of the Leatherstocking tales appears as plaintiff in two of the three causes brought there against libellous reviewers, but these two would perhaps never have been brought had they not been incidental to that curious and pertinacious legal warfare which for years he carried on single handed against the whole power of the New York press, and of which phase of Cooper's life Prof. Lounsbury, his recent biographer, makes such a readable chapter. Aside from the mere desire to echo the public sentiment then prevalent against Cooper, the editors also had a private revenge to gratify in wishing to retaliate upon him the malignant attack made upon them in 'Homeward Bound' and 'Home as Found'; for in depicting the newspaper man, in 'Steadfast Dodge, of *The Active Inquirer*,' he had drawn a character which Prof. Lounsbury admits 'did not rise to the dignity of caricature.' Urged by these motives, Editor Webb, of *The Courier and Enquirer*, in reviewing 'Home as Found,' embraced the opportunity to say of Cooper: 'We may and do know him as a base-minded caitiff who has traduced his country for filthy lucre and low-born spleen; but time only can render harmless abroad the venomous barb of the slanderer, who is in fact a traitor to national pride and national character.' Cooper procured the indictment of Webb for criminal libel, but did not obtain the favorable verdict which usually attended his many similar processes. The jury twice disagreed.

When Cooper's 'Naval History of the United States' appeared, a discussion, undecided to this day, was in hot progress, as to the relative merits displayed in the engagement of Lake Erie by Commodore Perry, commanding the squadron, and Captain Elliott, in charge of the Niagara. President Duer of Columbia College, who was an extravagant admirer of Perry, felt that the historian had applauded Elliott by not chiding him, and was moved to write a bitter criticism of the History and to publish it in *The Commercial Advertiser*. Cooper lulled the editor into a feeling of security from the inevitable libel suit by remaining silent a



whole year, and then pounced upon him suddenly with a summons, dragging him into court. Stone, the defendant, demurred to the declaration, insisting that the review was legitimate and privileged; but Judge Cowen in giving the opinion of the court, declared that it was 'difficult to read the articles as set forth in the counts, without seeing at once that they are direct and undisguised attacks upon the moral character of the plaintiff by name.' After this preliminary judgment the case was hung up for some time. Then it was mutually agreed that the case should be left for judgment, both in its moral and legal aspects, to three referees, one each to be chosen by the parties respectively, the third to be mutually selected. Stone, if defeated, was to pay Cooper \$250 besides costs, and the beaten party, whoever he might be, was to bear the expense of publishing in Albany, New York and Washington, the full proceedings of the trial. Three eminent lawyers—Samuel Stevens, Daniel Lord, Jr., and Samuel A. Foote—acted as referees. The trial was held in New York and lasted five days. Cooper conducted his own case, which he summed up in a speech of eight hours' duration, and the referees found in his favor upon all the important points.

It was twenty-five years after this that Charles Reade appealed for the protection of his reputation to New York law. *The Round Table* had libellously censured his 'Griffith Gaunt'—a novel, be it remarked, which was destined later to figure in a still more noted trial. After a flimsy charge of plagiarism, the critic had said: 'It is one of the worst stories that has been printed since Sterne, Fielding and Smollett defiled the literature of the already foul XVIIIth Century. . . . It is not only tainted with this one foul spot; it is replete with impurity; it reeks with illusions that the most prurient scandal-monger would hesitate to make.' The jury concluded that the damage was merely nominal, and gave the plaintiff six cents. It would doubtless have been greater had the fact been known, which has since been adduced, that 'Griffith Gaunt,' instead of being an immoral story, has been found to contain a practical moral lesson, which caused one person to say: 'To-day, through the ministry of Catherine Gaunt, a character in fiction, my eyes have been opened for the first time in my experience, so that I see clearly my sin. . . . Bless God with me for Catherine Gaunt, and for all the leadings of an all-wise and loving Providence.'

Thus it is seen that the few causes of this kind have been exceptional in nature, and that the prosecution has been justifiable.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF.

### Literature

#### "The Five Wounds of the Church."\*

ANTONIO ROSMINI-SERBATI is one of the latest figures in that long line of reformers which is so great an honor to the Roman Church, while it is so sad a commentary on the slowness of her progress toward the ideal which her best sons see above her. Born in the last decade of the XVIIIth Century, he early entered the priesthood; and while ministering to his simple village flocks, found his mind filled with schemes for bettering the condition of the Catholic Church—schemes which were the outgrowth of the seething aspirations of the age in a singularly thoughtful and earnest nature. As part of the task that he set before himself, he sought a higher philosophy of religion; but the chief labor of his younger days was spent upon the moulding of a religious institute, which should promote holiness and learning among the members and teachers of the Church. This conjunction was characteristic of him. From the marriage of a new holiness and a new learning he

looked for the offspring which should renovate the Church. In 1832, while engaged in founding his order, he wrote 'The Five Wounds of the Holy Church.' Under this quaint symbolism, which was natural to the pious Catholic, he sought to set forth his views of church reform. The mystic body of Christ was wounded, as its divine head had been, in the hands, the feet and the side. If the form of the book is mystic and mediæval, the substance of it is thoroughly modern, though the modernism of an Ultramontane. The discernment of the maladies of the Roman Church is keen and accurate, and the treatment proposed is vigorous and heroic. One cannot but admire the courage which inspired such a work. Rosmini's was that truest loyalty which so loved and honored and trusted the Church of his faith that he shrank not from saying of her the most unpalatable truths. Could that Church be led to follow his advice, a new day would dawn upon her. Those who recognize the providential part this Church has had to play in the evolution of Christianity, and who perceive that that part cannot yet be finished while there are such hosts of men who are apparently capable of no higher religion, must sincerely sympathize with the bold enthusiasm of the men who would reform this mighty empire of souls. The staunchest Protestant should wish well to such an effort as that of Rosmini. It is indeed one of the benedictions of this much-tried age that we can all enter into the Catholic language of Canon Liddon: 'If we set aside what we must deem the exaggerated phraseology, the mistaken historical and moral estimates which belong to its Ultramontanism, we shall find ourselves in communion with a sincere and beautiful mind, which those who come after us will not improbably deem one of God's greatest gifts to Western Christendom in the present century.'

But the book is not merely one to interest Protestants as they feel a sympathy with the efforts after better things within the Church of Rome; it has its direct bearings on the problems of some of the Protestant churches themselves. It was this doubtless that led to its translation and introduction to English-speaking Christendom by no less a dignitary than the Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. The titles of the chapters suggest problems which, under changed conditions, are exercising the best minds of the Church of England. And there are few churches which may not profitably heed such a plea for a higher theological education of the clergy as Rosmini makes. Churches which supply their seminary chairs from the ranks of broken-down pastors and of men who could not succeed in other positions, and which regard 'places' in the divinity schools much as the average politician regards 'places' in the custom-house—as a providential shelter for the ne'er-do-wells—ought to ponder these words of the wise Catholic: 'In truth great men alone can form great men; and this was another gain in the ancient education of the clergy, which was conducted by the greatest men whom the Church contained. Now however the contrary practice is a second cause of the insufficient education of our modern clergymen. . . . Ah, who will restore such a system to the Church—the only system worthy of her? Who will restore to the schools of the priesthood their great books, and their great teachers? Who, in a word, will heal the deep wound of an insufficient education of the clergy, which daily weakens and grieves the Bride of Christ?'

#### Cobbett's Grammar.\*

WE HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE to decide whether the republication of Cobbett's Grammar, which appeared originally sixty-four years ago, is a gigantic joke, intended to amuse the kind of grammarian who richly enjoys an 'English as She is Spoke,'

\*Of the Five Wounds of the Holy Church. By Antonio Rosmini. Edited, with an introduction, by Canon Liddon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

\*Cobbett's Grammar. Edited by Alfred Ayres. New York: Appleton.

or a book seriously supposed to be a useful one. But it is certain that the only people who could, or would, profit by it, are the ones who do not need it. Thus we are assured on the title-page that Mr. Grant White greatly admires it; but then Mr. Grant White knew it all before, and might have written the book himself; while those of us who are guilty, not so much of profound ignorance as of colossal indifference, as to the exact placing of our 'ins' and 'ons,' our 'whiches,' and 'whats' and 'thats,' find our brains reeling at the very preface. That is, they would reel, if the profundity were not relieved by touches of unintentional humor convulsing the risibles and relaxing the mental strain. Thus, after the information, 'Who and Which are properly the co-ordinating relative pronouns, and That is properly the restrictive relative pronoun,' we have the following illustration: "'I met the watchman *who* showed me the way.'" Does this mean, I met the watchman and he showed me the way, or does it mean that of several watchmen I met the one that—on some previous occasion—showed me the way? It should mean the former, and would mean that and nothing else, if we discriminated in the use of *who* and *that*. Again, the familiar line from Goldsmith, "And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray." Does this mean, And the fools that came, though they came to scoff, remained to pray, or does it mean that some of the fools that came, came to scoff, and these remained to pray? If Mark Twain were to take suddenly to writing about grammar, could he do better than this?

The book is written in the form of letters to a 'Mr. James Paul Cobbett,' who, however, is addressed later as 'My dear little James,' and who proves to be a boy of fourteen, whom his father adjures to read these letters on grammar, not hurriedly, *as he would a history*, but with diligence and patience. Most extraordinary boy, if he followed the advice, or were moved by the following eloquent appeal: 'And, while you will see with exultation the long-imprisoned, the heavily-fined, the banished William Prynne, returning to liberty, borne by the people from Southampton to London, over a road strewn with flowers; then accusing, bringing to trial and to the block, the tyrants from whose hands he and his country had unjustly and cruelly suffered; while your heart and the heart of every young man in the kingdom will bound with joy at the spectacle, you ought all to bear in mind that, without a knowledge of *Grammar*, Mr. Prynne could never have performed any of those acts by which his name has been thus preserved and which [that] have caused his memory to be held in honor.'

The kind of accuracy insisted upon may be judged from the following: 'Nouns which [that] denote sorts, or kinds, of living creatures, and which [that] do not of themselves distinguish the male from the female, such as rabbit, hare, hog, cat, pheasant, fowl, take the neuter pronoun, unless we happen to know the gender of the individual we are speaking about. If I see you with a cock-pheasant in your hand, I say, "Where did you shoot *him*?" but, if you tell me that you have a *pheasant*, I say "Where did you shoot *it*?"' At the close, several speeches and despatches of famous people are torn to tatters; which reminds us of one thing the book may be published for: *vis*, to remind critics not to be too critical.

#### "The Reporter's Guide."\*

An eclectic system of shorthand is, practically, a folly. One might almost as well attempt to produce an eclectic sewing machine by putting together certain parts of a Howe, a Singer, a Domestic, etc. There are certain shorthand materials and principles of combination and contraction

which must be employed in the construction of every good system; and, in an eclectic plan, there can be no practical arrangement of those which have been already shaped for another system, unless they shall be so far filed, ground and whittled away as to lose nearly every trace of their source, and then they become virtually parts of a new system. Such was that fathered by Isaac Pitman. This lacked one very important feature, namely, that of adaptation to verbatim reporting, owing doubtless to the author's want of experience as a practical reporter. The lacking feature was conferred upon it by the genius and experience of Mr. A. J. Graham. It would be a pleasure to say that the materials here offered as a guide had received a treatment similar to that given by Mr. Pitman and by Mr. Graham to the materials they employed.

The compiler has used nearly the whole of Pitman's alphabet, with its inverted vowel scale, which he calls the natural one. After many years of acquaintance with phonetics, he can hardly be ignorant of the physical demonstration which Prof. Willis has given, by means of an organ-pipe apparatus, that the natural order of the scale is the one adopted by Mr. Graham. This was sturdily advocated by Isaac Pitman and all the English phonographers during nearly twenty years, both before and since the 'Hand-book of Standard Phonography' was first published; until, indeed, Mr. Pitman wanted to use a phonographic scale to help propagate his phonetic print, which he believed would spread faster if it agreed more nearly with the old a-e-i-o-u arrangement. Yet Mr. Longley adopts the unnatural order, and does it in the face of a demonstration (by counting 10,000 words of average matter) that only 630 words are slightly easier of 'vocalization' in the Pitmanic arrangement, while 2260 are more difficult. It will astonish every well-informed phonographer to read on the title-page, and elsewhere in the book, Mr. Longley's claim to be the first to formulate, in any work of the kind, the principles and rules of the art; and also his further claim to 'an entirely new feature—the presentation of rules for the construction of contracted word-forms,' since, with hardly a single exception, those facilitating rules are a copy or colorable variation of those which have been before the public during the last quarter of a century, in one or more shorthand works.

#### "Arius the Libyan."\*

IF WE PRAISE 'Arius the Libyan' as an unusually fine historical novel, it will be on new and different grounds. It is not, for instance, steeped in the historical flavor of the time it represents, as were 'Zenobia,' 'Hypatia,' and the novels of Ebers; nor has it that fine and indefinable perfection of style which was a distinguishing feature of 'John Inglesant.' On the other hand the story has a clearness, the theological phase an adaptability to modern thought and argument, which go far to reconcile one to any loss from constant recognition that the author writes in the XIXth, although concerning the IVth, Century. He is so absorbed in the religious aspect of the primitive church, that although he may not be inaccurate in his facts—even when he permits one of his characters to quote a proverb which the modern mind associates with Cervantes, a dozen centuries after Arius—he permits himself to lapse from historical accuracy of feeling. Thus the whole situation of Thekla in Alexandria, more especially in the chapter 'Before the Temple of Serapis,' her 'chats' with her aunt and her interviews with the young men who 'call' to take her to the hippodrome, are not only modern, but American, in feeling. Without claiming to be Egyptologist enough to know what people did actually say and do in Alexandria in the IVth Century, we confess that the very phrase 'But,

\* The Reporter's Guide. By Elias Longley. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

\* Arius the Libyan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



Thekla darling,' gives the mind brought up on Ebers's novels an unbelieving shock, and one feels that if Thekla should reply 'But, auntie dear,' which she very nearly does, the social aspect of the book would be dimmed for one. Undoubtedly Egyptian girls did chat, and had terms of endearment corresponding to ours, and it may be claimed that the author, like Mrs. Wister, has a right to give equivalents. It is to be remembered, however, that Mrs. Wister merely tries to *translate*, while our author aims to *reproduce*. We should resent it in Mrs. Wister herself if she thought it necessary to call a 'Kaffer-klatsch' an afternoon tea.

Passing from these minor points to the serious phases of the book, we find much, very much, to admire and praise. In treating of the religion and theology of the time, the author has selected for himself a picturesque variety of material, calculated to bring out every phase of the question. Thus we have Arius, the young, fervent, unquestioning Christian lad, who, after explaining his belief to one who had questioned it, exclaimed in fierce resentment, 'And I was never such an idiot as to doubt!' only to become himself in after years one of the mightiest of heretics; then the Egyptian mother and daughter who have to be converted from a paganism which felt the utmost horror at finding itself fallen into the hands of Christians, but who become Christians even unto martyrdom; again, the old man whose eyes have been opened to the falsity of the old faiths, but who has not yet seen the glory of the new; and lastly, in the masterly closing chapters, we have the mingling of politics with religion, an exposition of the character, intellect and motives of the great emperor Constantine, and a presentation of the position held by the great Arius, clearer, we think, than anything of the kind that we know of. Yet the book, as we have said, is valuable as a contribution to modern thought, not merely as a presentation of ancient belief. No clergyman, or Sunday-school teacher, that we know of, could give clearer, sweeter, more persuasive explanations of such things as the parable of the unjust steward, or the meaning of the phrase 'communion of saints'; while many an unbelieving Thomas of the present generation might profit from the pretty story told by the boy Arius of his endeavor to persuade the little Thekla that faith in an unseen God was better than the knowledge of one to be discovered by a triangular white spot on his forehead. As he was teaching her the alphabet, she came across a letter that she recognized: 'Oh, I know that one; it is A.' 'But how dost thou *know* it is A?' he asked. 'Why, thou didst tell me so, and I did believe thee, boy, and that is how I know it!' One can imagine the sweet grave smile with which the young doctor of theology quickly asked, 'Then dost thou not see, Thekla, how faith is the first act of intelligence?'

#### Edwin Arnold's 'Indian Idylls.'\*

MR. ARNOLD has rendered a service to literature in giving to the world these stories from the Mahābhārata, 'that prodigious epic'—to quote the author's preface—'which is sevenfold greater in bulk than the Iliad and Odyssey taken together.' The idylls here translated are eight in number, the two principal of which, 'Nala and Damayanti' and 'Sāvitrī, or Love and Death,' are self-complete, the others being episodic in character. All are marked by a sweet and serious tenderness, a lofty morality, a chivalrous veneration for woman, and a noble ideal of self-sacrificing virtue which is almost without parallel. Few modern poets have aimed so high and so truly as these nameless prehistoric bards. Here and there, as in Homer, one could spare

\* Indian Idylls. From the Sanscrit of the Mahābhārata. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Bros.

what seems a needless iteration; here and there one is tempted to prune a bough or two; but on the whole a high literary standard is attained. How much the poem owes to its translator we leave scholars to decide. Strange to say, one misses in these 'Idylls,' which purport to be taken direct from a Sanscrit original, much of the Oriental richness of coloring and luxuriance of imagery that characterized the 'Light of Asia,' in which the author made his own artistic use of native material. One could wish that Mr. Arnold had been more sparing of his Indian vocabulary or more liberal of his commentaries. While destitute of the compelling charm that belongs to the 'Light of Asia,' the volume is in every way worthy of the translator's reputation.

#### "The Jewel in the Lotos."\*

NO NOVEL COULD BE WHOLLY POOR that was full of the local coloring of Italy; nor could any novel be wholly poor that was written by Miss Tincker; yet as a whole it must be confessed that 'The Jewel in the Lotos' is very much poorer than we should expect anything to be that came from the author of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece.' It is not full or rounded enough to be called a novel; as a story, it is not interesting, and it is exceedingly difficult to keep the thread of it, owing to an exasperating similarity in the names of the two heroines; while it is full of mysticism—not the mysticism of the Church, which might of its kind be picturesquely interesting—but the foolish mysticism wrapped about the ordinary affairs of life, such as Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney might be expected to give us after a prolonged stay in Italy; and the people in it are preposterous, from the Italian lover—murmuring, 'Bend and kiss me, and I shall think I am a god! I am like one fastened to the stake, and love flames up over my head! Bend and kiss me as an angel would kiss a martyr! O my love! kiss me, or I will never go!' and who on the next page coolly tosses over a precipice the man who, he thinks, may have overheard him—to the guardian who thinks to end all the troublesome love-affairs of his ward by cutting down with his little hatchet the tree in which one of her lovers has climbed to her window. Add to this an extraordinary mother, and a daughter whom the author evidently believes superior to Sappho, because she converses habitually in the following manner: After remarking that she is very fortunate in having 'truths' opening out to her along her way like daisies, she mentions one of them thus: 'I found that the equilateral triangle, which is the figure of God, is perfection at rest, while the circle is perfection in motion. If such a triangle could be cast out at white heat in an orbit, it would whirl itself into a circle, and, resting, it would naturally subside again into the triangular shape.'

In spite of all this, what we must be pardoned for calling flummery, the book is worth reading. There are bits of humor in it, like the anecdote of the young American who refused a duke, and who to his assertion, 'Pardon me, I was under the impression that you wished to be a duchess,' replied, 'But so many men want to make me a duchess or a princess; and one wishes to make me a queen!' And the local coloring of the story is delicious. Take, for instance, the following, which we think of cutting out of the book and framing, to hang upon our wall instead of a certain Teniers in the Dresden gallery which we can never hope to own:

'They went down to the great dusky kitchen—dusky in its corners even now, though a wide bar of sunlight was shot through it from its one window at the west. Copper dishes, pans, mugs, pitchers, and great water-vases gleamed

\* The Jewel in the Lotos. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

with a rich, dim lustre along the walls; the long dark table in the centre, crossing the sunshine, was like a palette filled with colors. A wooden bowl was heaped with varied salads, the gleaming green and silver of endive and the tender yellow-white of lettuce; there was a heap of birds in a fluffy mass of colors, red, gray, green and gold, with all their poor little feet drawn up, and their soft heads dropped, and some with their little bills still holding the berry or seed they nipped when the shot caught them, and a great block of Parma cheese, a solid dull amber, and a branch of laurel-leaves to put between the birds on the spit, and a basket of fresh eggs, their white tinted with a faint flesh-color, and a few large lemons for the salad, and a prim basket of figs.

The chief interest of the book, however, lies in its religious aspect, which is not powerful or pervasive enough to make the story a religious novel, but which makes the occasional chapters in which religion is the *motif* by far the finest in the book. Clear, candid, earnest, yet logical, they shine through the general mistiness and nonsense, not indeed like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear, but like a cool white pearl in a glowing jewel-case. The position is that of a Catholic convert who acknowledges and laments the abuses of the Church, and who in doing so aids her cause far more effectually—since it is never for a moment left uncertain that the writer holds these to be the abuses of a power noble and honorable in itself—than those ardent believers who deny, gloss over, or accept unquestioningly, the questionable deeds of the great Church.

#### Minor Notices.

FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO, we receive 'The Early Poetical Works' of Franklin E. Denton, appropriately bound in the brightness of scarlet. Mr. Denton blows a reed of extraordinary resonance; the band at a Coney Island side-show is nothing to him; one instinctively recalls the steam calliope at the Centennial Exhibition. Language fails to express the complex emotions excited in our bosom by Mr. Denton's tremendous verse. We are divided in admiration between an Ode to the American Flag and a beautiful, beautiful Hymn to the Sun, beginning

'O Sun! hell wandering up the universe!  
God smiled! thou wert! thou art a laugh of Him!'

But after two hundred pages of the Dentonian rhetoric, one's reason begins to totter on its throne, and one is fain to implore the poet in his own moving words:

'O color-maelstrom! holocaust of splendor!  
O firmament-shekinah! beauty-hell!  
O torture me no longer! thou dost render  
My soul disenergied, faint, too unwell!'

MR. J. W. BOUTON, whose name on a title-page always implies a book out of the ordinary line, has not disappointed expectation in his latest publication, 'Humor, Wit and Satire of the XVIIth Century,' collected and illustrated by John Ashton. Mr. Ashton is pleasantly known to the lovers of the curious in literature by his 'Chap-books of the XVIIIth Century,' and to the lovers of the curious in history by his 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.' The wit and humor of the XVIIth Century were not very refined, and for this reason Mr. Ashton has not been able to make his collection as complete as it otherwise could have been made. Such collections as the Pepys, Roxburghe, Bagford and Luttrell are of great value, but no editor would dare to prepare, and no publisher would be bold enough to publish them, in their entirety. The Villon society alone might venture to undertake such a publication, and they only because they hide behind an impersonal name. This book has more than the value which attaches to a volume that is simply entertaining. The illustrations are rude wood-cuts, facsimile reproductions from the amusing originals. The spirit of the antique is preserved in the typography of the book.

IT WOULD HAVE DONE the heart of Charles Lamb good to turn the pages of the edition of his Essays just issued by the Messrs. Putnam. The Temple Edition, they call it. It is a most beautiful volume, paper, type and illustrations being of the best. The

latter are etchings made by Charles A. Platt, James D. Smillie, F. S. Church, and R. S. Gifford. We do not think that Mr. Smillie's etchings quite harmonize with the text. They are too modern. The others, however, are in perfect keeping, and might have appeared in the first edition of this delightful collection. We have seen the 'Essays of Elia' in numerous editions, but this is the first time we have seen them in such a handsome dress. The lovers of Lamb cannot be too grateful for the fine shape in which his writings are at last given to them.

WE ARE GREATLY PLEASED with the 'French Readings' of Prof. W. J. Knapp of Yale College (Ginn, Heath & Co.), not only because it is an excellent idea for French students to cut their teeth on the literature of the day rather than on the classics, which they will enjoy the more, later, for being able to read them without a dictionary, but because the admirable notes, giving the rendering of idioms, explaining unusual construction, and translating such of the French words of Hugo and Daudet as are not to be found in any dictionary, supplant the old and justly-hated grammars, and are an excellent suggestion of the only way in which the grammar of any language should be taught to a beginner.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER has collected his letters originally contributed to the columns of the *Tribune*, and added some fugitive poems to them, making a pretty volume, which is published by James R. Osgood & Co. These letters and poems were well worth putting into permanent form. To our thinking Mr. Winter's prose is better than his poetry. It certainly is more vigorous. Mr. Winter, however, sees a landscape or a cathedral with a poet's eye, and his description is sure to be poetical, whether told in rhyme or prose. We will venture to say that a newspaper has seldom been brightened by more thoroughly readable letters than those which Mr. Winter wrote from England to the *Tribune*, and which are here republished.

THE PUBLICATION of a new volume by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is a red-letter day in the annals of New England story-writing. Miss Jewett has caught the spirit of New England in its pleasantest mood. The men and women she paints are not the hard-fisted, money-loving 'Yankees' of the unsympathetic story-writer, but the simple-hearted, hard-working, quick-witted village-folk, who live and die in their native places, but whose sons and daughters go west and grow up with the country. The first story, 'The Mate of the Daylight,' from which the book takes its title, is a 'longshore tale, and is (if we may say so) fresh with salt breezes. We recommend Miss Jewett's stories to foreign, particularly English, readers, for a true picture of New England pastoral life. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE HOLIDAY EDITION of Longfellow's 'Michael Angelo,' which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have had in preparation for over a year, is in every way worthy the pains and expense bestowed upon it. The illustrations have cost much more in the way of time, and money too, than would appear to the casual reader. To have all the accessories of the pictures correct has been one of the chief efforts of the publishers, and they have sent artists to Italy to compass that end. Some of the portraits given are new to public print, and were procured only after much labor. An interesting story could be written on the making of this book. Artists and publisher have been equally enthusiastic in the work, and the result is a volume which reflects great credit upon all who have been engaged in its preparation.

AN EXCELLENT LITTLE BOOK of the kind is Miss Kirkland's 'Speech and Manners.' (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) It is true that conversation at the school where the events took place must have been something of an agony from the amount of correction certain to follow each remark; yet it suggests the proper, indeed the only, way to teach children grammar, and its lessons in etiquette are admirable; because they not only teach such self-evident facts as that no child should eat with his knife, but the minor niceties of behavior at table of which some grown people are ignorant. The author does not seem to overlook a single point in the smaller courtesies, whether in the street, at the table, in the drawing-room, or in visiting or calling, and her advice is in the best of taste. The book is not too young in tone to be enjoyable and useful to almost everybody.



## Doom.

THE doom of Oleg by a priest foretold :

'O Prince, if brief or long thy years shall be,  
Know this : thy noble war-steed, swift and bold,  
Shall bring thy death to thee.'

'Not so !' cried Oleg, wroth, with flashing eyes ;  
'My steed—best friend—a traitor's heart reveal !  
I save his honor, for this hour he dies !'

And saying drove the steel.

But who the point of fate can turn or dull ?

Years after, coming to his charger's grave,  
A poison serpent, lodged within the skull,  
The prince his death-wound gave.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## The Lounger

I HAVE JUST BEEN LOOKING OVER the new and dainty volume of Mr. Samuel Ward's 'Lyrical Recreations,' which Macmillan & Co. publish. It is very unlike the rather home-made first edition of Mr. Ward's poems published here some twenty years ago. There is but one dedication in the present volume, and that is 'To the Earl of Rosebery.' It is in graceful verse :

The muse I wooed at fifty-two  
Bore me these urchin lays,  
Which raise their lowly heads anew  
Since quickened by thy praise.

Will they live on, to vindicate  
The memory of their sire,  
Whom Fate compelled to leave to fate  
These fondlings of his lyre ?

What care we ? Ere the pyramids  
The priests of Isis sang,  
While on the kingly coffin-lids  
The graver's chisel rang,

Carving great deeds on stone to cheat  
Oblivion of its prey,  
Until the last reveille should beat  
The dawn of Judgment Day.

The priests are dust, the crumbling fane  
In piteous ruin lies ;  
In loving hearts the holy strain  
Of David never dies.

Mr. Ward has added materially to his recreations ; there are eighty-three in English and eleven in French in the new edition, as against seventy-four in English and nine in French in the old.

THOSE WHO HEAR Mr. George W. Cable sing for the first time will wonder how he dare lift his voice in song in a public hall, but before they have heard him repeat half of his Creole repertoire, they will find themselves thoroughly delighted. Mr. Cable's voice—I have only heard it in a room, not in a hall—is the highest of tenors. He begins, I should say, where most male singers leave off. The quality of his voice is very thin, like a fine silver thread, and nasal ; but it just suits the wild, strange music that he delights in. Mr. Cable's is a thoroughly musical organization, and he sings with perfect taste and in perfect tune. He picked up these songs from the Creoles and Negroes of New Orleans. In two of them I recognize the theme of two of Gottschalk's best-known compositions, probably picked up by him as they were by Mr. Cable. One, Miss Kellogg tells me, she thinks was originally written by Haydn. Her theory is that the Negroes caught it as it was wafted from their masters' parlor-windows, and put their own words to it. In verification of this theory, I have in mind the statement of a friend, who says that he heard a party of Negroes at Coney Island, singing an air founded on the third movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. I have no doubt that, before many days, 'Suzette,' one of the most characteristic of Mr. Cable's songs, will be hummed through the streets of Boston. I say hummed, because I believe that the greater number of his auditors are ladies.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is a bold man to have spoken of Emerson as he did in his recent lecture in Boston. Bostonians

should be pleased, however, that his criticism was made before friends and not to an audience of New York Philistines.

IN REPLY TO MY NOTE on the inadequacy of the force employed in the Money Order department at Station D—a force consisting of one slow clerk—the Postmaster sends me a printed circular containing the following explanation : 'As the law forbids any expenditure for salaries of Money Order employes in excess of the amount of the legal commission on the same, and as such commissions, at the branch stations, do not amount to a sum sufficient to secure the services of an adequate clerical force, it is not possible to avoid occasional delays in the transaction of Money Order business there, though every effort has been and shall be made to reduce the number of such delays to the minimum ; and it is hoped that means may be provided, at no distant day, for obviating them altogether.'

MRS. JOHN HAY smiles ambiguously, but graciously, when denying that her husband is the author of 'The Bread-Winners.'

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, of Cambridge University, has notified his family of his election to the honorable position of Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, as successor to Prof. Sidney Colvin. Dr. Waldstein, I understand, had six competitors for the position. This is a new and striking success in an extraordinarily successful, and still very brief, career ; for Dr. Waldstein is now only about twenty-seven years of age, having been born in the City of New York in the year 1856. He is already a Reader (lecturer) on Greek Art in the University of Cambridge, and has been engaged in establishing there a new archaeological school. His father is the well-known optician in Union Square, and a brother, Dr. Louis Waldstein, has lately begun the practice of medicine in this city, after the completion of his European studies. Dr. Charles Waldstein will visit this country this month, but will probably not remain more than four weeks. He has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

IT IS WORTH noting that William Black's 'Judith Shakspeare' is the only serial story by a foreign author announced in any of the leading American magazines.

IT IS RATHER NOTABLE that none of the daily papers—so far as I have observed—have alluded to a curious mistake made by Mr. Curtis in his address at the Evacuation centennial. It is even more remarkable that the orator should have fallen into the error than that it should have escaped attention. Carpenters' Hall in Philadelphia, he says, is one of the hallowed spots of American history, for it was there that the great debate upon the independence of the colonies took place, and the Declaration was adopted. He supposes, apparently, either that Independence Hall, as it is now called, was then known as Carpenters' Hall, or that the Continental Congress assembled in 1776 in the building known as Carpenters' Hall, and not in the State House. But both suppositions are wrong. Independence Hall was never known as Carpenters' Hall, and the Continental Congress did not meet in 1776 in the building known by the latter name, though it did meet there two years earlier. The hundreds of thousands of people who in the summer of 1876 visited Independence Hall to see the room where the Declaration was adopted, need not be alarmed. They were not cheated out of their sentiment by the cunning Philadelphians.

THE AUTHOR of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' has written to her publishers to say that she does not wish her name to appear as it usually does, Dinah Muloch Craik, but as Dinah Maria Craik. The fashion of retaining one's family surname after marriage is peculiarly American. In England they drop it, and retain the middle name, if they have one. I must say that I prefer the American custom. It is more distinctive. You may not recognize Mary Anne Smith, but if you see the name written Mary Fitzsimmons Smith, you say at once, 'Why, that is old Fitzsimmons's daughter, who married John Smith.'

ANOTHER ENGLISH CUSTOM, adopted here to a certain extent, I do not like, and that is the dropping of the husband's name

when a woman becomes a widow. It seems to me that Thomas Browne's wife is as much Mrs. Thomas Browne with her husband dead as she was when he was alive. But in England she would be Mrs. Susan Browne. That shows at once that she is a widow.

#### Mr. Bouton's Catalogue.

MR. J. W. BOUTON has issued many interesting catalogues, but he has never printed one as interesting to the bibliomaniac as the one just ready—No. 69. It is a descriptive catalogue of the literary curiosities, MSS., illuminated missals, books of hours, specimens of early typography, etc., collected by him during the past summer in Europe. Among the MSS. are the two volumes of much-discussed Dickens letters, consisting of 326 letters and documents, of which 172 are autograph letters of Dickens to his publishers, Messrs. Richard Bentley, Chapman & Hall, and John Macrone; also, to his friend, Thomas Mitton, and his solicitor, Frederic Ouvry, and five documents; also, 149 autograph letters of celebrated litterateurs, artists, and political characters to Dickens, including examples from W. H. Ainsworth, Lady Blessington, Lord Brougham, H. K. Browne ('Phiz'), Robert Browning, George Cattermole (with pencil sketch), Baroness Burdett-Coutts, George Cruikshank, Count D'Orsay, A. Fonblanque, W. P. Frith, Mrs. Gore, Captain Basil Hall, J. P. Harley (comedian), Lady Holland, Thomas Hood, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving, Lord Jeffrey, W. Savage Landor, Charles Lever, Lord Lytton, D. Maclise, W. C. Macready, Macey Napier, Samuel Rogers, Sir M. A. Shee, Sydney Smith, C. Stanfield, Sergeant Talfourd, Benjamin Webster, Sir D. Wilkie, and others. Several of these last have Dickens's draft for an answer in shorthand. Together, 326 letters and documents of from 2 to 8 pages each, all carefully mounted, arranged and indexed, with a series of very fine proof portraits of Dickens at different ages, in 2 large volumes bound in levant morocco. The letters were written between 1837 and 1870. Mr. Bouton holds the collection at \$1700.

Among the other MSS. is that of Sir John Ross's narrative of the discovery of the ship Victory. These volumes, which bear Ross's autograph and note of presentation, cover a portion of his first voyage in the *Isabelle* (1818), etc., and as an almost full narrative of the second expedition (1829-33) in the *Victory*, they vary materially from the published account, and contain many notes and details not yet published.

Again, we have the first drafts of 'Lalla Rookh,' in Moore's hand-writing, covering nearly 200 closely-written pages. It is indorsed in a large round hand, 'Brouillon of Lalla Rookh, T. Moore.' Here also are 140 pages of notes and memoranda for 'The Epicurean,' besides which there is a commonplace-book in Moore's autograph.

These treasures are more or less modern. Not so those that Mr. Bouton values the most highly. He holds one of his XVIth Century missals at \$15,000, and others at \$250 and \$500. They are exquisite specimens of hand painting. The catalogue gives at considerable length carefully prepared descriptions of the manuscripts, missals and rare editions, and is of itself a pamphlet that no book-lover can well do without.

CASELL & CO. have issued a profusely illustrated edition of Sir Samuel Fergusson's poem, 'The Forging of the Anchor.' The poem lends itself readily to the pencil of the artist, and there is great variety in the pictures.

#### Notes

THERE is one thing of which our country may well be proud, and that is its magazines. There is no other country in the world that spreads periodically such an intellectual feast before its public. A bound volume of *Harper's* or *The Century* is as handsome a book as authors and artists can make. There is no publication printed that is as cheap as a copy of either of these magazines. A book containing as much in the way of letter-press or illustrations would cost two or three dollars at least. In the bound volume of *The Century* which lies before us is a mine of riches. Not infinite riches in a little room, but in plenty of room. *The Century* has not only kept up to its standard but has raised it.

Miss Woolson's 'Mentone' in the January *Harper's* is her first description of other than American landscapes. She shows a decided preference for Floridian skies as against those of Italy. The January *Harper's*, by the way, is a fitting successor to the

gorgeous December number. It contains three full-page illustrations, two on plate paper. Mr. Harry Fenn furnishes charming illustrations to Mrs. Spofford's paper on Whittier. Mrs. Spofford is a near neighbor of the poet and has been on terms of intimacy with him for a number of years. She tells an amusing story to illustrate his color-blindness. A fire having somewhat damaged the wall paper in one of the rooms at Oak Knoll he thought to match it with a new piece which was neatly pasted on the wall to his great admiration and the amusement of the family. He had matched a delicate green vine with one of gorgeous crimson hue. Owing to this defect of vision, light and shade please him better than variety or depth of color.

The December number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* is not especially a holiday number, but it is an improvement in some respects upon its two predecessors. The table of contents is more cosmopolitan. A great charm of this magazine is its handsome typographical appearance, and its general air of refinement.

Carl Schurz is preparing a Life of Henry Clay.

A new edition of Matthew Arnold's poems, in two volumes, will be published next week by Macmillan & Co.

Theo. L. DeVinne & Co. have sent us a pamphlet containing specimens of their 'quaint types.' The newest varieties among them are the *Harper* and *Century* fonts. The pamphlet is as fine a specimen of printing as it is of types.

Messrs. Putnam have in press Dr. R. Heber Newton's 'Talks on the Books of the Bible.' Hereafter they will publish Dr. Newton's sermons in pamphlet-form every week, and in book-form at the end of the year.

The treatise on 'Voice, Song, and Speech,' by Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke, which Messrs. Putnam have in press, is a practical guide for singers and speakers, written from the point of view of a vocal surgeon and a voice trainer. It will be illustrated by numerous unretouched photographs of the vocal organs. Messrs. Putnam have in press Edward Armitage's lectures on painting, and Emil de Lavelle's 'Elements of Political Economy.'

*St. Nicholas*, which has just reached its tenth year, is bound up in two parts for 1883, and makes two as handsome books as a child could well desire. We are not surprised to read the publisher's statement that it has been a success from the day of its birth, and that its circulation now reaches 100,000 copies.

We do not like the Atlantic Portrait of Hawthorne as well as the one that accompanies the Riverside Edition of his works, but his daughter, Mrs. George P. Lathrop, declares it to be a speaking likeness.

'Times of Charles XII,' the third volume of *The Surgeon's Stories*, will be published immediately by Jansen, McClurg & Co. The same firm will also bring out simultaneously with the above 'Cummock's School Speaker: Rhetorical Recitations for Boys and Girls,' by Prof. R. L. Cummock, author of 'Choice Readings.'

Next week's number of *Harper's Weekly* will have a page devoted to illustrations of the loan exhibition now being held at the Academy of Design, and to the carnival of authors being held at Hartford.

'True Tales for my Grandsons,' a new book by Sir Samuel Baker, is almost ready from the press of Macmillan & Co.

The 'Early Christian Literature Primers,' the fourth and concluding volume of which is now on the eve of publication by D. Appleton & Co., will be followed by two other series, one entitled 'Mediaeval Christian Literature Primers,' the other, 'Modern Ecclesiastical Literature Series,' both edited by the Rev. George A. Jackson.

Messrs. Scribner & Welford have just issued the first complete edition of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's 'Memoirs of His Own Time'—1772-1784. This famous work has been carefully edited by Henry B. Wheatley, and several chapters have been added from the author's unpublished manuscript. These chapters give some interesting particulars of the home life of George IV., then Prince of Wales, which it was considered inadvisable to publish sixty-eight years ago, when the book first appeared. Five more gossiping volumes it would be hard to find in English literature. Wraxall was a man-about-town, and knew all the scandal as well as the more important affairs of the time.



'The Renaissance of Art in Italy' is one of Scribner & Wellford's important publications.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have made six additions to their Golden Floral Series, so popular last year—'It was the Calm and Silent Night,' 'Come Into the Garden Maud,' 'My Faith Looks up to Thee,' 'Curfew Must not Ring To-Night,' 'That Glorious Song of Old,' and 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' The text of these verses is printed with appropriate illustrations and bound in loose covers with designs suggestive of Christmas cards.

Mr. E. V. Smalley's paper on Gen. Sherman, which will appear in the January *Century*, has been subjected to revision by both Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman, so that it may be considered authentic. The frontispiece of the number will be an excellent portrait of Gen. Sherman, engraved by Johnson. The February *Century* will give Gen. Sheridan's portrait as a frontispiece, to accompany a biographical sketch.

The December *Wide Awake* is a Christmas number and full of good stories and pretty illustrations. There is, however, too much 'process' work among the latter to give the magazine a very substantial look.

From Messrs. E. & J. B. Young & Co. we have received 'Ye Jackdaw of Rheims, an Antient Ballade,' by Thomas Ingoldby, with illustrations by Ernest Maurice Jessop. This is a most amusing book, got up with much pains and handsomely printed. The jackdaw is a sort of ecclesiastical Gazza Ladra, and his peculiarities will amuse no one more than the clergy, for whom the book at once suggests itself as an appropriate holiday present.

The *Independent* in its current issue prints a new story by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. The editor has just received a new short story from Mr. Thomas Hardy, for speedy publication.

Mr. W. M. Griswold has published through Q. P. Index (himself) an index to Vols. 193-268 of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and Vols. 1-21 of the *Nouvelle Revue*.

The second concert of the Symphony Society will be given to-night (Saturday) at the Academy of Music. Tchaikowsky's Symphony in C will be given for the first time.

A cunning little story for cunning little people is Sophie May's 'Flaxie's Kittyleen,' of the Flaxie Frizzle Series, illustrated. (Lee and Shepard.) It is adapted to the age of six, but is not uninteresting to sixty.

Henry Holt & Co.'s American Novel Series will begin with 'The Pagans,' by Mr. Arlo Bates, of the Boston *Courier*.

Julian Hawthorne is at work on a new novel to be published in the Boston *Sunday Globe*. It will, it is said, be a story of great power and unusual interest.

The December *Magazine of American History* is one of the best issues of this excellent periodical that has yet appeared. It contains four historical essays on Christmas and its observance in various parts of early America and among different nationalities.

The English supplement of *Latine* for November will contain a valuable translation from the German on Virgil's style, parallel translations of Horace by Milton and Martin, a valuable instalment of Notes and Queries, etc.

Appleton's New Guide to Mexico contains 394 pages, 75 illustrations, and a railway map. It has also a chapter on Guatemala, and a complete English-Spanish vocabulary containing many words peculiar to Mexico. The author, who is a grandson of a former United States Minister, has written the itineraries almost entirely from personal observation. No other volume of this character has thus far been published. Gen. Grant, to whom the author sent the sheets of the book, has written the following complimentary letter:

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 3, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I have read over the advance sheets of your excellent Guide-book to Mexico with great pleasure. It supplies a want now for the first time being felt. Mexico, with all her resources of soil, climate, and mines, has not attracted much of the attention of people of other lands until within the last three or four years. Now, with the rapid strides she is making—and is destined to make—toward a commercial prosperity rarely equalled by any nation in the past, travel to that country will increase many fold, and your book will give the traveller the information he wants. The information is wonderfully condensed in it, and I wonder at its completeness in so little space. Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

## Science

### Recent Works on Insanity.\*

NO SYSTEMATIC American treatise on insanity has been written for many years, until within the past few months, when no less than five books have appeared; so that there is now literally an *embarras de richesse* of psychiatric literature. The largest and most thorough of these contributions is from the pen of Dr. W. A. Hammond (1), whose work on nervous diseases is a standard book of reference. He approaches his subject in a most systematic manner, beginning with a consideration of the general principles of the physiology and pathology of the human mind, the nature and seat of instinct; sleep and its derangements; and ending with the description and treatment of insanity proper. The orderly and clever handling of his material is apparent on every page, and though we do not always reach the same conclusions, we cannot help admiring his mature reasoning. He is positive, but his dogmatism is of an inoffensive kind; and if he rather rudely combats the views of those who have written before him, his labors are in the direction of progress and advanced thought. In some ways, however, Dr. Hammond clings to the teachings of older writers. On page 18 we find that he adopts the views of Fournié, Luys and the French school, and apparently neglects the recent good work of Munk and certain other German investigators regarding the cortical perceptive centres. However, we are here, as well as elsewhere, impressed with the author's clear demonstration of his own ideas. The short chapters on genius, habit, temperament and constitution are full of interest; and that on heredity may be read with profit, especially the portion relating to consanguineous marriages. The author very sensibly disputes the popular idea that the marriages of first cousins are necessarily productive of insane or idiotic offspring. The only danger arises from the intensification, when it exists, of an already dormant, hereditary tendency. If there is absolutely no taint, there is but little risk; if, however, there is the slightest history of mental disease in previous generations, such unions are likely to result in epilepsy, insanity or other disorders, and should be forbidden. The fourth section of Dr. Hammond's work on mental derangement as a disease is the best recent contribution to psychiatric science of which we know, and will be found of great value to the student and practitioner.

The second book on the list is apparently the work of a person who has had little or no practical experience in the study of the diseases he describes (2). The contents of the volume show a familiarity with the recent writings of the German school, which are liberally made use of, and a hearty contempt for American literature on the subject. In this connection, it may be well to speak of a vituperative spirit, which detracts from what real worth the book may have. On many pages we find evidences of irascibility and unfair criticism which are entirely out of place in a scientific work.

Dr. Stearns, the able Superintendent of the Hartford Retreat, is the author of a really valuable and exceedingly practical book (3), which contains many hints regarding the care of the mind, and the prevention of nervous disease and insanity. The management and education of nervous children are sagaciously treated, and the auto-prophylaxis of insanity is considered from the standpoint of an experienced physician. In some respects the book is far superior to the little work by Tuke, 'Insanity and its Prevention.'

\* (1) A Treatise on Insanity in its Medical Relations. By Wm. A. Hammond, M.D. Appleton & Co. (2) Insanity: Its Classification, Diagnosis, and Treatment. Birmingham & Co. (3) Insanity: Its Causes and Prevention. By Henry Putnam Stearns, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. (4) Types of Insanity. By Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D. Wm. Wood & Co. (5) Insanity Considered in its Medico-Legal Relations. By T. R. Bucham, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Dr. McLane Hamilton has, by means of the dry-plate process of photography, and the skilful pen of Mr. T. J. Manley, reproduced the features of ten insane patients, selected from the various institutions with which he is connected as consulting physician (4). Brief descriptive matter is presented, and an abstract of the lunacy laws of the various States is appended. With the exception of the last plate, the pictures are very artistic and dramatic, and will be of use, not only to doctors and lawyers, but to artists as well.

A book on medical jurisprudence, of Western origin (5), contains much that claims our respect and attention, and it is nothing more nor less than a vigorous and manly attack upon the present antiquated system of the courts. So far as the consideration of insanity is concerned, judges and juries are too often disposed to forget that it is a disease of the brain, and has a physical basis; and are inclined to adopt purely metaphysical tests. Dr. Buckham offers some excellent suggestions regarding expert testimony.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN in Twenty-third Street has seldom if ever held a more remarkable exhibition than that which has been brought together in aid of the Pedestal Fund for the great Statue of Liberty, which is now nearly ready to be sent to us from France. The collection contains some two hundred paintings and about four thousand other objects of art. Iron work; bronze; gold and silver work; ceramics; miniatures; laces; arms and armor; antique furniture; old missals; stained glass are only a few of the heads under which the contributions, mostly from private collections, are arranged. The director of the exhibition—Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith—and his assistants have succeeded in so disposing this bewildering multitude of precious and artistic things, that each division can be easily found and studied by those who care specially for it, while the display has been made as attractive as possible for the public at large, which is more likely to be impressed by the general effect than it is to study minutely any one or two sets of objects. Some idea of what the appearance of the interior of the Academy building now is may be formed from the estimate placed upon its contents for insurance purposes. It holds one and a half million dollars' worth of objects of art.

Ascending the stairs between masses of evergreens and turning round on the landing, one finds the corridor hung with tapestries above and lined beneath with cases containing rare old china. Antique lamps in stamped and pierced metal hang from the centres of the marble arches. The entrance to the main gallery containing the pictures is decorated on either side with trophies of arms artistically arranged by Mr. Sarony.

The pictures are all foreign, and principally by that class of painters whose works are supposed to be not 'commercial' although they sell better than any others. There are a number of Millets, including one very fine one, the small study of a 'Woman Bathing,' which has already been seen at public exhibitions here. There is a sketchy 'Entombment' by Delacroix, which, however, is the most powerful bit of color in a collection remarkable for the many efforts of good colorists which it contains. There is Mr. Dana's celebrated *Corêt*, 'Le Danse des Amours,' and Mr. Cottier's *Orpheus*. There are several of Monticelli's wonderful achievements with palette scrapings. Henner, Dupré, Diaz, Daubigny have specimens of their work on every hand. There are a few excellent pictures by Ribot, who sometimes comes so near the old Spanish

masters whom he studies. A guitar player twanging the strings of his instrument is one of these, and another is the dim interior of a studio, with an old artist at work on a very large painting in a black frame. Courbet is represented by half-a-dozen landscape studies, of which those that will be most generally admired are a couple of sea-pieces—a breaking wave, and a strip of shore and ocean under a threatening sky. Vollon has a very asinine donkey and a pair of good fruit-pieces.

From the picture-gallery one enters the Oriental room. Here the most remarkable objects are three specimens of jade belonging to Mr. Brayton Ives. One is of a fine quality of white jade, and is carved into the form of a bull lying down. Another is a vase of grayish jade with emerald green spots, probably the largest single object of this costly material in the country. The third is an ornamental slab of emerald green, carved with gourds and leafy vines. To Mr. Ives also belong some extraordinary specimens of Japanese metal-work, in the shape of swords, sword-guards and knife-handles. Some of these are of great artistic excellence; and, technically, the work has never been surpassed. Mr. Thos. Kirby has loaned some Japanese arms of equal excellence, and a few little Chinese snuff bottles in fine pottery ware, red lacquer, lapis lazuli, and other materials. A collection of Japanese porcelains, metal-work and lacquer is shown by the First Japanese Trading Company.

Under a Turkish portière, one gets from the Oriental room a glimpse of the stained glass in the next apartment. Fine specimens by some of the best American workers in this line are built into a bay which projects into the room, and which is artistically draped with Indian stuffs whose strong colors are quite overpowered by the superior gorgeousness of the glass. On passing out of the room by the other door, one is surprised on turning round for a last glance to find that the border of a tall window on that side, which from other points appears green, is really of a delicate turquoise blue. A life-size female head and a small figure of a female 'fire-worshipper' are the only efforts in the line of figure work in stained glass. In the small passage between this room and the next are some antique painted glass, and a small screen, with a head in the centre of ivory, so carved as to be properly seen only by transmitted light. Unfortunately, it cannot be properly lit at night.

In the same room with the stained glass are some curious old missals and other books, some original drawings by Blake, and a fine collection of coins belonging to Mr. Feuardent. Next come miniatures, fans, jewelry, small metal-work and laces. Then the much-talked-of embroideries by Mrs. Wheeler and some others. Down-stairs are objects of our native Indian art, costumes and wood-engravings.

A worthy memento of this exhibition is the catalogue, with its really artistic illustrations in each department. Mr. Church's drawings from the 'Woman Bathing' of Millet and 'Twilight' of A. Mauve, both from the Erwin Davis collection, are, for the work of another artist, exceptionally characteristic of the originals. Mr. A. W. Drake, the Chairman of the Catalogue Committee, deserves the warmest praise for his work. Persons unacquainted with the difficulties and discouragements attending the making of such a pamphlet have little idea what it costs in time and taste. Not a little of its excellence is due to the admirable press-work of Mr. De Vinne. An example is set in this catalogue that the managers of future exhibitions may well follow.

Everybody should visit the exhibition at least once. Those who make a special study of the matters which are included in it will go every day and be sorry when it closes.